OST of you will have heard of Allan Quater-main, who was one of



the party that discovered King Solomon's till mines some little time ago, and who afterwards came to live friend, Sir Henry Curtis. He has gone back to the wilderness now, as these old hunters almost invariably do, on one pretext or another. They

ation for very long, its noise and racket and the omnipresence of broad-clothed humanity proving more trying to their nerves than the dangers of the desert I think that they feel lonely here, for it is a fact that is too little understood, though it has often been stated, that there is no lonehas often been stated, that there is no lone-liness like the loneliness of crowds, especi-ally to those who are unaccustomed to them.
"What is there in the world," old Quater-main would say, "so desolate as to stand in the streets of a great city and listen to the footsteps falling, falling, multitudinous as the rain, and watch the white line of faces as they hurry past, you know not whence, you know not whither. They come and go, their eyes meet yours with a cold stare, for a mo-ment their features are written on your mind, and then they are gone for ever. You will never see them again, they will never see you ment their features are written on your mind, and then they are gone for ever. You will never see them again, they will never see you again: they come upout of the unknown, and presently they once more vanish into the unknown, taking their secrets with them. Yes, that is loneliness pure and undefiled; but to one who knows and loves it, the wilderness is not lonely, because the spirit of nature is ever there to keep the wanderer company. He finds companions in the winds—the sunny streams babble like Nature's children at his feet; high above him, in the purple sunset, are domes and minarets and palaces, such as no mortal man hath built, in and out of whose flaming doors the glorious angels of the sun seem to move continually. And there, too, is the wild game following its feeding-grounds in great armies, with the springbok thrown out before for skirmishersr then rank upon rank of long-faced blesbuck marching and wheeling like infantry, and last, the shining troops of quagga and the fierce-eyed shaggy, vilderbeeste to take the place of the cossack host that hangs upon an army's flanks.

"Oh, no," he would say, "the wilderness is not lonely, for, my boy, remember that the further you get from man the nearer you grow to God," and, though this is a saying that might well be disputed, it is one I am sure that anybody will easily understand who has watched the sun rise and seen the thunder chariots of the clouds roll in majesty across the depths of unfathomable sky.

in majesty across the depths of unfathomable

in majesty across the depths of unfathomable sky.

Well, at any rate, he went back again, and now for many months I have heard nothing at all of him, and to be frank, I greatly doubt if anybody will ever hear of him again. I fear that the wilderness, that has for so many years been a mother to him, will now also prove his grave and the grave of those who accompanied him, for the quest upon which he and they have started is a wild one, indeed.

But while he was in England for those years or so between his return from the successful discovery of the wise king's buried treasures and the death of his only son, I saw a great deal of old Allan Quatermain. I had known him years before in Africa, and after he came home, whenever I had nothing better to do, I used to run up to Yorkshire and stay with him, and in this way I at one time and another heard many of the incidents of his past life, and most curious some of them were.

were. No man can pass all those years following the rough existence of an elephant hunter without meeting with many strange adven-tures, and one way and another old Quarter-main has certainly seen his share. Well, the tures, and one way and another old Quartermain has certainly seen his share. Well, the
story that I am going to tell you in the following pages is one of the later of these adventures; though I forget the exact year
which it happened. At any rate I know that
it was the only one of his trips upon which
he took his son Harry (who is since dead)
with him, and that Harry was then
about fourteen. And now for the story,
which I will repeat, as nearly as I can,
the words in which Hunter Quarters and

which I will repeat, as nearly as I can, in the words in which Hunter Quatermain told it to me one night in the old oak-panelled vestibule of his house in Yorkshire. We were talking about gold-mining. "Gold-mining!" he broke in: "ah, yes, I once went gold-mining at Pilgrim's Rest in the Transvaal, and it was before that that we had business about Jim-Jim and the lions. had business about Jim-Jim and the Hons. Do you know it? Well, it is, or was, one of the queerest little places you ever saw. The town itself was pitched in a stony valley, with mountains all about it, and in the middle of such scenery as one does not often get the chance of seeing. Many and many is the time that I have thrown down my pick and shovel in discust clambered out of my and shovel in disgust, clambered out of my claim, and walked a couple of miles or so to the top of some hill. Then I would lie down in the grass and look out over the glorious stretch of country—the smiling valleys, the great mountains touched with gold—real gold of the sunset, and clothed in sweeping robes of bush, and stare into the depths of the perfect sky above, yes, and thank heaveners the sunset, and stare into the depths of the perfect sky above, yes, and thank heaveners. of bush, and stare into the depths of the perfect sky above; yes, and thank heaven
I had got away from the cursing and
the coarse jokes of the miners, and
the voices of those Basutu Kafirs
as they toiled in the sun, the memory of
which is with me yet. Well, for some months
I dug patiently at my claim till the very
sight of a pick or of a washing-trough became
hateful to me. A hundred times a day I lamented my own folly in having invested "Scarcely were the words out of my mouth sight of a pick or of a washing trough became hateful to me. A hundred times a day I lamented my own folly in having invested £800, which was about all that I was worth at the time, in this gold-mining. But, like ofther better people before me, I had been bitten by the gold bug, and now had to take the consequences. I had bought a claim out of which a man had made a fortune—£5,000 or £6,000 at least—as I thought, very cheap; that is, I had given him £500 down for it. It was all that I had made by a rough year's elephant-hunting beyond the Zambesi, and I sighed deeply and prophetically when I saw my successful friend, who was a Yankee, sweep up the roll of Standard Bank notes with the lordly air of the man who made his fortune, and cram them into his breeches brockets. 'Well,' I said to him—the happy vendor—i it is a magnificent property, and I only hope that my luck will be as good as yours has been.' He smiled, to my excited nerves it seemed that he smiled ominously, as he answered me in a peculiar Yankee draw!: I guess, stranger, as I ain't the one to make a man quarrel with his food, more especial when there ain't no more going of the rounds; and as for that there claim, well, she's been a god nitger to me; but between you and me, stranger, speaking man to man, now that there ain't any filthy lucre between us to obsculate the feathers of the truth, I guess she's about worked out.''

"I gased: the fellow's effrontery took my breath out of me. Only five minutes before he had been swearing by all his god-and they appeared to be numerous and mixed—that there were half a dozen fortunes left in the claim, and that he was ouly giving it up because he was downright weary of shovelling the gold out.

"Don't look so vested, stranger, went on my tornentor,' perhaps there is some shine in the old girl yet; any way you are a down-new and my down the stranger way and any the stranger way and any the stranger way and any the properties of the stranger way in the cone found out what

right good fellow you are, therefore you will, I guess, have a real A1, old jam, plate-glass opportunity of working on the feelings of Fortune. Any way it will bring the muscle up upon your arm, for the stuff is uncommon stiff, and what is more, you will in the course of a year earn a sight more than \$2,000 in value of experience."

"And he went just in time, for in another minute I should have gone for him, and I saw his face no more.

"And he went just in time, for in another minute I should have gone for him, and I saw his face no more.

"Well, I set to work on the old claim with my boy Harry and half a dozen Kafirs to help me, which, seeing that I had put nearly all my worldly wealth into it, was the least that I could do. And we worked, my word, we did work—early and late we went at it—but never a bit of gold did we see; no, not even a nugget large enough to make a scarf pin out of. The American gentleman had secured it all and left us the sweepings.

"For three months this went on, it ill at last I paid away all, or very near all, that was left of our little capital in wages and food for the Kafirs and ourselves. When I tell you that Boer meal was sometimes as high as £4 a bag, you will understand that it did not take long to run through our banking account.

"At last the crisis came. On Saturday night I had paid the men as usual, and bought a muid of mealie meal at 60s, for them to fill themselves with, and then I went with my boy Harry and sat on the edge of the great hole that we had dug in the hill-side, and which we had in bitter mockery named Eldorado. There we sat in the moonlight with our feet hanging over the edge of the claim, and were melancholy enough for anything. Presently I pulled out my purse and emptied its contents into my hand. There was a half sovereign, two florins, nine pence in silver, no coppers—for copper practically does not circulate in South Africa, which is one of the things that make living so dear there—in all exactly fourteen and ninepence.

"There, Harry my boy!' I said, 'that is the sum total of our worldly wealth; that hole has swallowed all the rest.'

"By George,' said Master Harry, ' I say, father, you and I shall have to let ourselves out to work with the Kafirs and live on mealie pap,' and he sniggered at his unpleasant little joke.

"But I was in no mood for joking, for it is not a merry thing to dig like anything for nounths and he completely minds."

out to work with the Rain's and live on meane pap,' and he sniggered at his unpleasant little joke.

"But I was in no mood for joking, for it is not a merry thing to dig like anything for months and be completely ruined in the process, especially if you happen to dislike dig ging, and consequently I resented Harry's light-heartedness.

"Be quiet, boy!' I said, raising my hand as though to give him a cuff, with the result that the half sovereign slipped out of it and fell into the gulf below.

"Oh, bother,' said I, 'it's gone.'

"There, Dad,' said Harry, 'that's what comes of letting your angry passions rise; now we are down to four and nine.'

"I made no answer to these words of wisdom, but scambled down the deep sides of the claim followed by Harry, to hunt for my little all. Well, we hunted and we hunted, but the moonlight is an uncertain thing to look for half sovereigns by, and there was some loose soil about, for the Kafirs had knocked off working at the very spot a couple of hours before. I took a pick and raked away the clods of earth with it, in the hope of finding the coin; but all in vain. At last in sheer annoyance I struck the sharp end of the pickaxe down into the soil, which was of a very hard nature. To my astonishment it sunk in right up to the heft.

"'Why, Harry,' I said, 'this ground must have been disturbed!'

"'I don't think so, father,' he answered, 'but we will soon see,' and he began to shovel out the soil with his hands. 'Oh,' he

but we will soon see, and he began to shovel out the soil with his hands. 'Oh,' he said presently, 'it's only some old stones; the pick has gone down between them, look! and he began to pull at one of the stones.



'I TOOK IT CURIOUSLY AND HELD IT UP TO THE

"'I say, Dad,' he said presently, almost in a whisper, 'it's precious heavy, feel it;' and he rose and gave me a round, brownish lump about the size of a very large apple, which he was holding in both his hands. I took it curiously and held it up to the light. It was very heavy. The moonlight fell upon its rough and filth-encrusted surface, and as I looked curious little thrills of excitement began to pass through me. But I could not be sure.

"'Give me your knife, Harry,' I said.
"He did so: and resting the brown stone
on my knee I scratched at its surface. Great

"He did so; and resting the brown stone on my knee I scratched at its surface. Great heavens, it was soft!
"Another second and the secret was out, we had found a great nugget of pure gold, four pounds of it or more. 'It's gold, lad,' I said, 'its gold, or I'm a Dutchman.'
"Harry, with his eyes starting out of his head glared down at the long gleaming yellow scratch that I had made upon the virgin metal, and then burst out into yell upon yell of exultation, that went ringing away across the silent claims like the shrieks of somebody being murdered.
"Be quiet,' I said, 'do you want every thief on the field after you?"
"Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when I heard a stealthy footstep approaching. I promptly put the big nugget down and sat on it, and uncommonly hard it was, and as I did so I saw a lean, dark face poked over the edge of the claim and a pair of beady eyes searching us out. I knew the face. It belonged to a man of very bad character known as Handspike Tom, who had, I understood, been so named at the Diamond Fields because he had murdered his mate with a handspike. He was now, no doubt, prowling about like a human hyæna to see what he could steal.
"'Is that you, 'unter Quatermain?' he



chance of being 'handspiked' before the night was over.

"'If you want to know what it was, Mr. Tom,' I went on with politest air, although in agony from the nugget underneath—for I hold it always best to be polite to a man who is so ready with a handspike—'my boy and I have had a slight difference of opinion, and I was enforcing my view of the matter upon him; that's all.'

"'Yes, Mr. Tom,' put in Harry, beginning to weep, for Harry was a smart boy, and saw the difficulty we were in, 'that was it—I halloed because father beat me.'

"'Well, now, did yer, my dear boy, did yer? Well, all I can say is that a played-out old claim is a wonderful queer sort of place to come to for to argify at 10 o'clock of night, and what's more, my sweet youth, if ever I should 'ave the argifying of yer'—and he lecred unpleasantly at Harry—'yer won't 'oller in quite such a 'jolly sort o' way. And now I'll be saying good-night, for I don't like disturbing of a family party.' No, I ain't that sort of man, I ain't that sort of man, I ain't, Good-night to yer, 'unter Quatermain—good-night sewhere, like a human jackal, to see what he could thieve or kill.

"Thank goodness!' I said, as I slipped off the lump of gold. 'Now then, do you

from the size of a hazel-nut to that of a hen's egg, though of course the first one was much larger than that. How they all came there nobody can say; it was one of those extraordinary freaks, with stories of which, at any rate, all people acquainted with alluvial goldmining will be familiar. It turned out afterwards that the American who sold me the claim had in the same way made his pile—a much larger one than ours, by the way—out of a single pocket, and then worked for six months without seeing color, after which he gave it up.

of a single pocket, and then worked for six months without seeing color, after which he gave it up.

"At any rate, there the nuggets were, to the value, as it turned out afterwards, of about £1,250, so that after all I took out of that hole £450 more than I put into it. We got them all out and wrapped them up in a handkerchief, and then fearing to carry home so much treasure, especially as we knew that Mr. Handspike Tom was on the prowl, made up our minds to pass the night where we were—a necessity which, disagreeable as it was, was wonderfully sweetened by the presence of that handkerchief full of virgin gold, which represented the interest of my lost half-sovereign.

"Slowly the night wore away, for with the fear of Handspike Tom before my eyes I did not dare to go to sleep, and at last the dawn came blushing down the sombre ways of night. I got up and watched its perfect growth, till it opened like a vast celestial flower upon the eastern sky, and the sunbeams began to spring in splendor from mountain-top to mountain-top. I watched it, and as I did so it flashed upon me, with a complete conviction that I had not felt before, that I had had enough of gold-mining to last me the rest of my natural life, and I then and there made up my mind to clear out of Fligriims' Rest and go and shoot buffalo towards Delagoa Bay. Then I turned, took the pick and shovel, and, although it was a Sunday morning, woke up Harry and buffalo towards Delagoa Bay. Then I turned, took the pick and shovel, and, although it was a Sunday morning, woke up Harry and set to work to see if there were any more nuggets about. As I expected, there was none. What we had got had lain together in a little pocket filled with soil that felt quite different from the stiff stuff round and outside the pocket. There was not another trace of gold. Of course, it is possible that there were more pocketfuls somewhere about, but all I have to say is, I made up my mind that, whoever found them, I should not; and, as a matter of fact, I have since heard that that claim has been the ruin of two or three people, as it very nearly was the ruin of me.

"Harry,' I said presently, 'I am going away this week towards Delagoa to shoot buffalo. Shall I take you with me or send you down to Durban?"

"Oh, take me with you, father,' begged Harry, 'I want to kill a buffalo!"

"And supposing that the buffalo kills you instead?' I asked.

"Oh, never mind,' he said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there are left and the process of the said gayly, 'there

instead?' I asked.
"'Oh, never mind,' he said gayly, 'there are lots more where I came from.'
"I rebuked him for his flippancy, but in the end I consented to take him."

CHAPTER II.

Something over a fortnight had passed since the night when I lost half a sovereign and found twelve hundred and fifty pounds in looking for it, and instead of that horrid hole, for which, after all, Eldorado

pounds in looking for it, and instead of that horrid hole, for which, after all, Eldorado was scarcely a misnomer, a very different scene stretched away before us clad in the silver robe of the moonlight. We were camped—Harry and I, two Kafirs, a Scotch cart and six oxen—on the swelling side of a great wave of bush-clad land. Just where we had made our camp, however, the bush was very sparse, and only grew about in clumps, while here and there were single flat-topped mimosa trees. To our right a little stream, which had cut a deep channel for itself in the bosom of the slope, flowed musically on between banks green with maidenhair, wild asparagus and many beautiful grasses. The bed-rock here was red granite, and in the course of centuries of patient washing the water had hollowed out some of the huge slabs in its path into great troughs and cups, and these we used for bathing places. No Roman lady, with her baths of porphyry or alabaster, could have had a more delicious spot to lave herself than we had within fifty yards of our skerm or rough inclosure of mimosa thorn that we had dragged together round the cart to protect us from the attacks of lions. There were several of these about, as I knew from their spoor, though we had neither heard nor seen them.

"It was a little nook where the eddy of the stream had washed away a mass of soil, and on the edge of it there grew a most beautiful old mimosa thorn. Beneath the thorn was a large smooth slab of granite fringed all round with maidenhair and other ferns, that sloped gently down to a pool of the clear, it spark. ling water, which lay in a bowl of granite about ten feet wide by five feet deep in the centre. Here to this slab we went every

chance of being 'handspiked' before the uight was over.

"'If you want to know what it was, Mr. Tom,' I went on with politest air, although in agony from the nugget underneath—for I hold it always best to be polite to a man who is so ready with a handspike—'my boy and I have had a slight difference of opinion, and I was enforcing my view of the matter upon him: that's all."

"'Yes, Mr. Tom,' put in Harry, beginning to weep, for Harry was a smart boy, and saw the difficulty we were in, that was i—I halloed because father beat me."

"'Well, all I can say is that a played-out old claim is a wonderful queer sort of place to come to for to argify at 10 o'clock of night, and what's more, my sweet youth, if ever I should 'ave the argifying of yer'—and he leered unpleasantly at Harry—'yer won't 'oller in quite such a 'jolly sort o' way. And now I'll be saying good-night, for I don't like disturbing of a family party; No, I ain't that sort of man, I ain't. Good-night to yer, 'unter Quatermain—good-night to yer, my argified young one; 'and Mr. Tom turned away disappointed and prowled off elsewhere, like a human jackal, to see what he could thieve or kill.

"Thank goodness!' I said, as I slipped off the lump of gold. 'Now then, do you get up, Harry, and see if that consummate villain has gone.' Harry dids oo, and reported that he had vanished towards Pilgrims' Rest, and then we set to work, and very carefully, but trembling with excitement, with our hands hollowed out all the space of ground into which I had struck the pick. Yes, as I hoped, there was a regular nest of nuggets, twelve in all, running from the size of a hazel-nut to that of a hen's egg, though of course the first one was much larger than that. How they all came there nobody can say; it was one of those evera—

so the leeping of the most pleasant of my hunting reminiscences, as it is also for reasons that will in most pleasant of the time there in which the two Kafirs were businest larger a which the two Kafirs were businest at there to the wind there to ki

the echoes of angelic voices, as the spirits poised on bent and rushing pinions swept onward from universe to universe; and distinguish the white fingers of the wind playing in the tresses of the trees.

"Hark! what was that?"

"From far away down by the river there comes a mighty rolling sound, then another, and another. It is the lion seeking his meat.

"I saw Harry shiver and turn a little pale. He was a plucky boy enough, but the roar of a lion for the first time in the solemn bush veldt at night is apt to shake the nerves of any lad.

"Lions, my boy,' I said; 'they are hunting down by the river there; but I don't think that you need make yourself uneasy. We have been here three nights now, and if they were going to pay us a visit I should think that they would have done so before this. However, we will make up the fire.'

"Here, Pharsoh, do you and Jim-Jim get some more wood before we go to sleep, else the cats will be purring round you before morning."

"Pharsoh, a great brawny Swazi, who

drank he became shockingly blood ones were that, like most people of the Zulu blood, he became exceedingly attached to one if he took to you at all; he was a hardworking and intelligent man, and about as dare-devil and plucky a fellow at a pinch as I have ever had to do with. He was about five-and-thirty years of age or so, but not a 'keshla' or ringed man. I believe that he got into trouble in some way in Swaziland, and the authorities of his tribe would not allow him to assume the ring, and that is why he came to work at the gold fields. The old man, or rather lad, Jim-Jim, was a Mapoch Kafir, or Knobnose, and even in the light of subsequent events I fear that I cannot speak very well of him. He was an idle and careless young rascal, and only that very morning I had to tell Pharaoh to give him a beating for letting the oxen stray, which he did with the greatest gusto, although he was by way of being very fond of Jim-Jim. Indeed, I saw him consoling Jim-Jim afterwards with a pinch of snuff from his own ear-box, whilst he explained to him that the next time it came in the way of duty to flog him, he meant to thrash him with the other hand, so as to cross the old cuts and make a 'pretty pattern' on his back.

"Well, off they went, though Jim-Jim did not at all like leaving the camp at that hour, even when the moonlight was so bright, and in due course returned safely enough with a great bundle of wood. I laughed at Jim-Jim and he said yes, he had; he had seen anything, and he said yes, he had; he had seen two large, yellow eyes staring at him from behind a bush, and heard something snore.

"As, however, on further investigation the yellow eyes and the snore appeared to have existed only in Jim-Jim's lively imagination, I was not greatly disturbed by this alarming report: but, having seen to the making up of

existed only in Jim-Jim's lively imagination, I was not greatly disturbed by this alarming report: but, having seen to the making up of the fire, got into the skerm and went quietly to sleep with Harry by my side.

"Some hours afterwards I woke up with a start. I don't know what woke me. The moon had gone down, or at least was almost hidden behind the soft horizon of bush, only her red rim being visible. Also a wind had sprung up and was driving long hurrying lines of cloud across the starry sky, and altogether a great change had come over the mood of the night. By the look of the sky I judged that we must be about two hours from day-break.

that we must be about two hours from daybreak.

'The oxen, which were as usual tied to the
disselboom of the Scotch cart, were very
restless—they kept snuffling and blowing and
rising up and lying down again, so I at once
suspected that they must wind something.
Presently I knew what it was that they
winded, for within fifty yards of us a lion
roared, not very loud, but quite loud enough
to make my heart come into my mouth.

"Pharoah was sleeping on the other side of
the cart, and beneath it I saw him raise his
head and listen.

"Lion, Inkoos,' he whispered, 'lion.'

"Jim-Jim also jumped up, and by the faint

Found It Excellent. May 4, 1886. Mesers. Rixer & Son:
Please send me at once 3 bottles of Sarsaramilla, C.
D.; have had one bottle, found it excellent.
Yours,
H. Burgeind, 268 West 131st st., City. \*.\*

light I could see that he was in a very great fright indeed.

"Thinking that it was as well to be prepared for emergencies, I told Pharcah to throw wood upon the fire, and woke up Harry, who I verily believe was capable of sleeping happily through the crack of doom. He was a little scared at first, but presently the excitement of the position came home to him, and he became quite anxious to see his majesty face to face. I got my rifle handy and gave Harry his—a Westley Richards falling block, which is a very useful gun for a youth, being light and yet a good killing rifle, and then we waited.

"For a long time nothing happened, and I began to think that the best thing that we could do would be to go to sleep again, when suddenly I heard a sound more like a cough than a roar within about twenty yards of the skerm. We all looked out, but could see nothing; and then followed another period of suspense. It was very trying to the nerves, this waiting for an attack that might be de-

skerm. We all looked out, but could see nothing; and then followed another period of suspense. It was very trying to the nerves, this waiting for an attack that might be developed from any quarter, or might not be developed at all; and though I was an old hand at this sort of business, I was anxious about Harry, for it is wonderful how the presence of anybody to whom one is attached unnerves a man in moments of danger, and that made me nervous. I know, although it was now chilly enough, I could feel the perspiration running down my nose, and in order to relieve the strain on my attention, employed myself in watching a beetle which appeared to be attracted by the firelight, and was sitting before it thoughtfully rubbing his antenne against each other.

"Suddenly the beetle gave such a jump that he nearly pitched headlong into the fire, and so did we all—gave jumps, I mean, and no wonder, for from right under the skerm fence there came a most frightul roar—a roar that literally made the Scotch cart shake and shake and took the breath out of me.

"Harry made an exclamation, Jim-Jim howled outright, while the poor oxen, who were terrified almost out of their hides, shivered and lowed piteously.

"The night was almost entirely dark now, for the moon had quite set and the clouds had covered up the stars, so that the only light that we had came from the fire, which by this time was burning up brightly again. But, as you know, firelight is absolutely use.

light that we had came from the fire, which by this time was burning up brightly again. But, as you know, firelight is absolutely useless to shoot by, it is so uncertain, and besides it penetrates but a very little way into the darkness, although if one is in the dark outside one can see it from so far away.

"Presently, the oxen, after standing still for a moment, suddenly winded the lion and did what I feared they would—began to 'skrek' that is, to try and break loose from the trektow to which they' were tied, and rush off madly into the wilderness. Lions know of this habit on the part of oxen, which are, I do believe, the most foolish animals under the sun, a sheep being a very Solomon compared to them; and it is by no means uncommon for a lion to get in such a position that a herd or span of oxen may wind him, skrek, break their reims, and rush off into the bush. Of course, once they are there, they are helpless in the dark; and then the lion chooses the one that he loves best and eats him at his leisure.

"Well, round and round went our six poor oxen, nearly trampling us to death in their mad rush; indeed, had we not hastily tumbled out of the way, we should have been trampled to death, or at the least seriously injured. As it was, Harry was run over, and poor Jim-Jim being caught by the trektow somewhere beneath the arm, was hurled right across the skerm, landing by my side only some paces off.

"Snap went the disselboom of the cart beneath the transverse strain put upon it. Had it not broken the cart would have overset; as it was, in another minute, oxen, cart, trektow, reims, broken disselboom, and everything were soon tied in one vast heaving, plunging, bellowing, and seemingly inextricable knot.

"For a moment or two this state of affairs took my attention off from the lion that had caused it, but whilst I was wondering what on earth was to be done next, and what we should do if the cattle broke loose into the bush and were lost, for cattle frightened in this manner will go right away like mad things,

her mind what to do.

"It did not take her long, however, just the time that it takes a flash to die into darkness, for, before I could fire again or do anything, with a most fiendish snort she sprang upon poor Jim-Jim.

"I heard the unfortunate lad shriek and the department I have the shriek and the least threathy I have his large through

"I heard the unfortunate lad shriek, and then almost instantly I saw his legs thrown into the air. The lioness had seized him by the neck, and with a sudden jerk thrown his body over her back so that his legs hung down upon the further side. "

Then, without the slightest hesitation, and apparently without any difficulty, she cleared the skern fence at a single bound, and bearing poor Jim-Jim with her vanished into the darkness beyond, in the direction of the bathing-place that I have already described. We jumped up, perfectly mad with horror and fear, and rushed wildly after her, firing shots at haphazard on the chance that she and fear, and rushed wildly after her, firing shots at haphazard on the chance that she would be frightened by them into dropping her prey, but nothing could we see, and nothing could we hear. The lioness had vanished into the darkness, taking Jim-Jim with her, and to attempt to follow her till daylight was madness. We should only expose ourselves to the risk of a like fate.

"So with scared and heavy hearts we crept back to the skerm, and sat down to wait for daylight, which now could not be much more than an hour off. It was absolutely useless to try even to disentangle the oxen till then, so all that was left for us to do was to sit and wonder how it came to pass that one should

to try even to disentangle the oxen till then, so all that was left for us to do was to sit and wonder how it came to pass that one should be taken and the other left, and to hope against hope that our poor servant might have been mercifully delivered from the lion's jaws. At length the faint light came stealing like a ghost up the long slope of bush and glinted on the tangled oxen's horns, and with and frightened faces we got up and set to the task of disentangling the oxen till such time as there should be light enough to enable us to follow the trail of the lioness which had gone off with Jim-Jim. And here a fresh trouble awaited us, for when at last with infinite difficulty we had got the great helpless brutes loose, it was only to find that one of the best of them was very sick. There was no mistake about the way he stood with his legs slightly apart and his head hanging down. He had got the redwater, I was sure of it. Of all the difficulties connected with life and travelling in South Africa those connected with oxen are perhaps the worst. The ox is the most exasperating animal in the world, a negro excepted. He has absolutely no constitution, and never neglects an opportunity of falling sick of some mysterious disease. He will get thin upon the slightest provocation, and from mere maliciousness die of 'poverty;' whereas it is his chief delight to turn round and refuse to pull whenever he finds himself well in the centre of a river, or the wagon wheel nicely fast in a mudhole. Drive him a few miles over rough roads and you will find that he is footsore; turn him loose to feed

'I have known a lion carry a two-year-old ox over a stone wall 4 feet high in this fashion, and a

and you will discover that he has run sway, or if he has not run away he has of malloc aforethought eaten 'tulip' and poisoned himself. There is always something wrong with him. The ox is a brute. It was of a piece with his accustomed behavior for the one in question to break out—on purpose, probably—with redwater just when a lion had walked off with his herder. It was exactly what I should have expected, and I was therefore neither disappointed nor surprised.

"Well, it was no use crying, as I should almost have liked to do, because if this ox had redwater it was probable that the rest of them had it too, although they had been sold to me as 'salted,' that is, proof against such diseases as redwater and lung-sick. One gets hardened to this sort of thing in South Africa in course of time, for I suppose in no other country in the world is the waste of animal life so great.

and you will discover that he has run sway, or if he has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run sway, he has of malles of the has not run, and the has not have specied, and was a street of the has causimost belavior for the has causimost leave the state of the screen was an and the same result.

It had been seld to me as "salted," that is, proof against such diseases as redway and the same result is grown and the same result of the has not come here.

So will be shown to the sway property of the screen we saw a drop or two of blood, and a little to the right, was a patch of sugar a bush united up with the usual mimona, and for that lands. Unlikely good about, and all the to the right, was a patch of sugar a bush united up with the usual mimona, and for that lands. Unlikely say the same result, the was not even a flager bush of course, however, we reached the morning cautiously and slowly pushed out on the same result.

It had not come here.

In the course, however, we reached the morning cautiously and slowly pushed out to the right, was the first to the lines are the lines as likely good about, with the same result.

It may be not seen the same than the form almost beneals my feet there came a unfeeling to talk of washing when poor Jim, Jim had been so recently ease the probability of the lines, who had been sleeping on the slaw there were the probability of the lines, who had been sleeping on the slaw there were the probability and the form almost beneals my feet there came a unfeeling to talk of washing when poor Jim, Jim had been seeping on the slaw there were the lines, who had been sleeping on the slaw there were the probability of the lines, who had been sleeping on the slaw there were the probability of the lines, who had been sleeping on the sl

bank. It was all done in an instant, as quick as thought.

"She had been sleeping on the slab, and, oh, horror! what was that sleeping beside her? It was the red remains of poor Jim-Jim, lying on a patch of blood-stained rock.

"Oh! father, father!' shrieked Harry, 'look in the water.'

"I looked. There, floating in the centre of the locals tranguli need was Jim-Jim's

"Well, we buried him, and there he lies where lions will not trouble him any more. So there is an end of the book of Jim-Jim.
"The question that now remained was, how to circumvent his murderess. I knew that she would be sure to return as soon as she would be hungry again, but I did not know when she would be hungry. She had left so little of Jim-Jim behind her that I should scarcely expect to see her the next night, unless indeed she had cubs. Still, I felt that it would not be wise to miss the chance of her coming, so we set about to make preparations for her reception. The first thing that we did was to strengthen the bush wall of the skerm by dragging a large quantity of the tops of thorn-trees together and laying them one on the other in such a fashion that the thorn pointed outwards. This, after our experience of the fate of Jim-Jim, seemed a

experience of the fate of Jim-Jim, seemed a very necessary precaution, since if where one sheep can jump another can follow, as the sheep can jump another can follow, as the Kafirs say, how much more is this the case where an animal so active and so vigorous as the lion is concerned! And now came the futher question, how were we to beguile the lioness to return? Lions are animals that

futher question, how were we to beguile the lioness to return? Lions are animals that have a strange knack of appearing when they are not wanted and keeping studiously out of the way when their presence is required.

"Harry, who as I have said was an eminently oractical boy, suggested to Pharaoh that he should go and sit outside the skerm in the moonlight as a sort of bait, assuring him that he would have nothing to fear, as we should certainly kill the lioness before she killed him. Pharaoh however, strangely enough, did not seem to take to this suggestion. Indeed he walked away, much put out with Harry for having made it.

"It gave me an idea, however.

"Well!' I said, 'there is that ox. He must die sooner or later, so we may as well utilize him.'

"Now, about thirty yards to the left of our skerm, if one stood facing down the hill towards the river, was the stump of a tree that had been destroyed by lightning many years before, standing equidistantly between, but a little in front of, two clumps of bush, which were severally some fifteen paces from it.

"Here was the very place to tie

which were severally some fifteen paces from it.

"Here was the very place to tie the ox; and accordingly a little before sunset the poor animal was led forth by Pharaoh and made fast there, little knowing, poor brute, for what purpose; and we commenced our long vigil, this time without a fire, for our object was to attract the licenses and not to severa her.

without a fire, for our object was to attract the lioness and not to scare her.

"For hour after hour we waited, keeping ourselves awake by pinching each other—it is, by the way, remarkable what a difference in the force of pinches requisite to the occasion exists in the mind of pincher and pinchee, but no lioness came. The moon waxed and the moon waned, and then at last the moon went down, and darkness swallowed up the world, but no lion came to swallow us up. We waited till dawn, because we did not dare to go to sleep, and then at last we took such rest as we could get.

get.

"That morning we went out shooting, not because we wanted to, for we were too depressed and tired, but because we had no more meat. For three hours or more we wandered about in a broiling sun looking for something to kill, but with absolutely no results. For some unknown reason the game had grown very scarce about the spot, though when I was there two years before every sort had grown very scarce about the spot, though
when I was there two years before every sort
of large game except rhinoceros and
elephant was particularly abundant.
The lions, of whom there were many,
alone remained, and I fancy
that it was the fact of the game they
live on having temporarily migrated that
made them so daring and fercoious. As a
general rule a lion is an amiable animal
enough if he is left alone, but a hungry lion \*I have known a lion carry a two-year-old ox over a stone wall 4 feet high in this fashion, and a mile away into the bush beyond. He was subsequently poisoned with sirychnine put into the car cass of the ex, and I still have his claws.—[ED ITON BALSAN. Best druggists, 190, \*.\*

"She had been sleeping on the slab, and oh, horror! what was that sleeping beside her? It was the red remains of poor Jim. Jim, lying on a patch of blood-stained rock.

"Oh! father, father!" shricked Harry, look in the water.

"I looked. There, floating in the centre of the lovely, tranquil pool, was Jim-Jim's head. The lioness had bitten it right off, and it had rolled down the sloping rock into the water.

"Chapter III.

"Poor Jim-Jim! We buried what was left of him, which was not very much, in an old bread-bag, and though whilst he lived his virtues were not great, now that he was gone we could have wept over him. Indeed, Harry did weep outright; while I registered a quiet little vow on my own account that I would let daylight into that lioness before I was forty-eight hours older, if by any means it could be done.

"Well, we buried him, and there he lies where lions will not trouble him any more. So there is an end of the book of Jim-Jim." The question that now remained was, how to circumvent his murderess. I knew that she would be kure to return as soon as she would be burgry again, but I did not know when she would be hungry. She had left so little of Jim-Jim behind her that should scarcely expect to see her the next night, unless indeed she had cubs. Still, if felt that it would not be wise to miss the chance of her coming, so we set about to make preparations for her reception. The first thing that we did was to strengthen the bush wall of the skerm by dragging a large quantity of the tops of thorn-trees together and laying them one on the other in such a fashion that the bush wall of the skerm by dragging a large quantity of the tops of thorn-trees together and laying them one on the other in such a fashion that the thorn pointed outwards. This, after our experience of the fate of Jim-Jim, seemed a very necessary precaution, since if where one of the fate of Jim-Jim seemed a very necessary precaution, since if where one of the fate of Jim-Jim seemed a very necessary precaution, since if where one of th

asleep, and even I, though I am accustomed to this sort of thing could scarcely keep my eyes open. Indeed I was just dropping off, when Pharaoh gave me a shove.

"Listen!" he whispered.

me a shove.

"Listen!" he whispered.

"I was all awake in a second, and listening with all my ears. From the clump of bush to the right of the lightning-shattered stump to which the ox was tied came a faint crackling noise. Presently it was repeated. Something was moving there, faintly and quietly enough, but still moving perceptibly, for in the intense stillness of the night any sound seemed loud.

"I woke up Harry, who instantly said, Where is she? where is she?" and began to point his rifle about in a fashion that was more dangerous to us and the oxen than to any possible lioness.

"Hush up!' I whispered savagely; and as I did so, with a low and hideous growl a flash of yellow light sped out of the clump of bush, past the ox, and into the corresponding clump upon the other side. The poor sick brute gave a sort of groan, and staggered round and then began to tremble. I could see it do so clearly in the moonlight, which was now very bright, and I felt a brute for having exposed the unfortunate animal to such terror as he must undoubtedly be undergoing. The lioness, for it was she, passed so quickly that we could not even distinguish her movements, much less shoot. Indeed at night it is absolutely uneless to attempt to shoot unless the object is very close and standing perfectly still, and then the light is so deceptive and it is so difficult to see the foresight that the best shoot will miss more often than he hits.

"She will be back again presently," I said; 'look out, but for heaven's sake don't fire unless I tell you to."

"Hardly were the words out of my mouth when back she came and again passed the ox without striking him."

"What on earth is she doing?" whispered Harry.

"Playing with it as a cat does a mouse, I suppose. She will kill it presently."

Harry.

"Playing with it as a cat does a mouse, I suppose. She will kill it presently."

"As I spoke the lioness once more flashed out of the bush, and this time sprang right over the doomed ox. It was an exciting sight to see her clear him in the bright moonlight, as though it were a trick that she had been taught.

taught. I believe that she has escaped from a circus, whispered Harry; 'it's jolly to see

circus, whispered Harry; 'it's jolly to see her jump.'

"I said nothing, but I thought to myself that if it was, Master Harry did not quite appreciate the performance, and small blame to him. At any rate, his teeth were chattering a bit.

"Then came a longish pause, and I began to think that she must have gone away, when suddenly she appeared again, and with one mighty bound landed right on to the ox, and struck it a frightful blow with her paw.

"Down it went, and lay on the ground. She put down her wicked-looking head, with a fierce growl of contentment. When she lifted her muzzle again and stood facing us.